Salar. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great at sea, might do.
I should not see the sandy howre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dockes in sand,
Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
To kisse her buriall. Should I go to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle vessels side,
Would scatter all the spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes;
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought,
That such a thing be-chanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no: I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Then y'are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Salar. Not in loue neither? Then let vs say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eies,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter

Enter Bassanio, Lorenso, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and *Lorenso*: Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Salar. I would haue staide till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne businesse cals on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. Wee'l make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Anthonio*,
we two will leaue you; but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you. *Exit*

Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
cc They loose it that do buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery one must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the foole,
with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies
By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes.
There are a sort of men, whose visages